



5
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NEW FORMAT

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PETER B GILLIS
MARTIN KING
DAVE COOPER

GAMMA RAIDERS



ASTOUNDING!

BIOBORG HANDLERS
UNEMPLOYED!

SHOCKING!



McMANN UNSHAVED!



SURPRISING!

NATASHA
UNDERESSED!

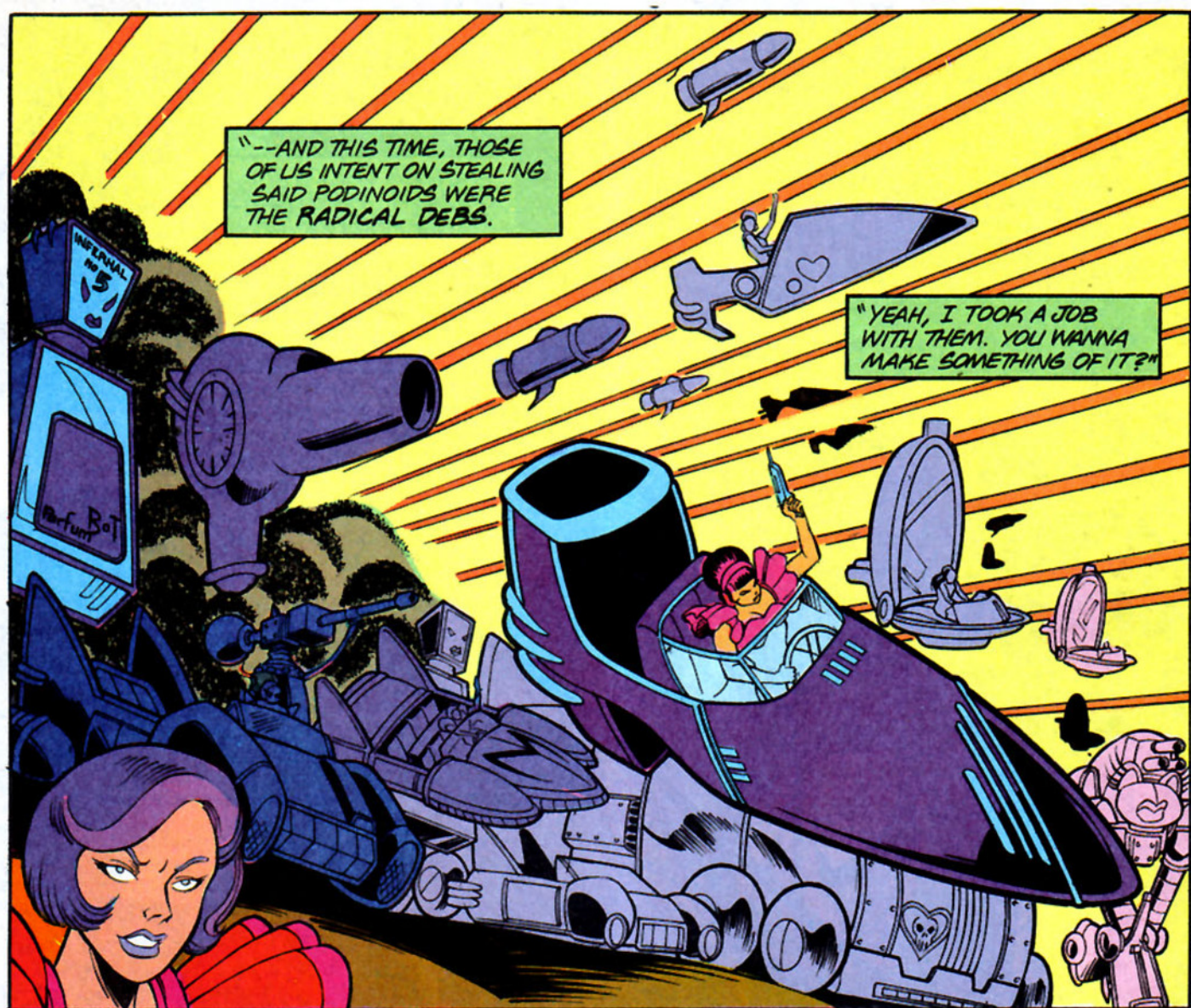


THE ROSEBUD RUMBLE
PART 1 OF 4

"ANOTHER DAY ON THE BIG NADA. THANK ELVIS THINGS ARE FINALLY BACK TO NORMAL."

"YOU HAD YOUR BASIC HARVESTER CONTINGENT FROM THE CRIMSON MOON GREEDILY DREDGING UP PODINOIDS--"

< ALL STATIONS!
RAIDERS
APPROACHING! >



"--AND THIS TIME, THOSE OF US INTENT ON STEALING SAID PODINOIDS WERE THE RADICAL DEBS.

"YEAH, I TOOK A JOB WITH THEM. YOU WANNA MAKE SOMETHING OF IT?"



<OH MOST CELESTIAL ONE, THE FRUIT BEFORE THE FLOWER GROWS IN OUR HAND, YET THE BEE CIRCUMSCRIBES THE FUTURE, TO STING OR SUP. I TURN TO THE SUN, WHO FEEDS THEM BOTH WITH LIGHT.>

<MAY I HEAR THE LIGHT MADE WORD?>



<THE FLOWER OPENS LIKE THE HAND, RELEASING ITS SECRETS AND ITS EMPTINESS. THE BEE'S WINGS FOLD, ONLY TO FALL.>



YOU HEARD THE CELESTIAL ONE! TRASH THEM!

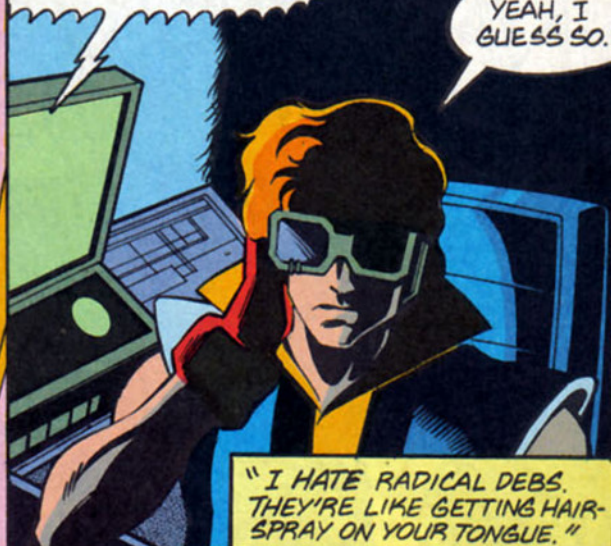
GOSH, MANIA,
D'YOU THINK
IT'S TIME TO
ATTACK?

OH GOLLY, I GUESS SO! BUT, GEE, I
THOUGHT THAT'S WHAT WE HAD THOSE
HIRED HANDLERS FOR! DO I HAVE
TO DO EVERYTHING MYSELF?



WELL, FROM THE SOUND
OF IT, JOK MY LAD, WE
CAN ATTACK ANY TIME.

YEAH, I
GUESS SO.



"I HATE RADICAL DEBS.
THEY'RE LIKE GETTING HAIR-
SPRAY ON YOUR TONGUE."

WHY, JOK TADSWORTH!
SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE NOT
ENJOYING YOURSELF!

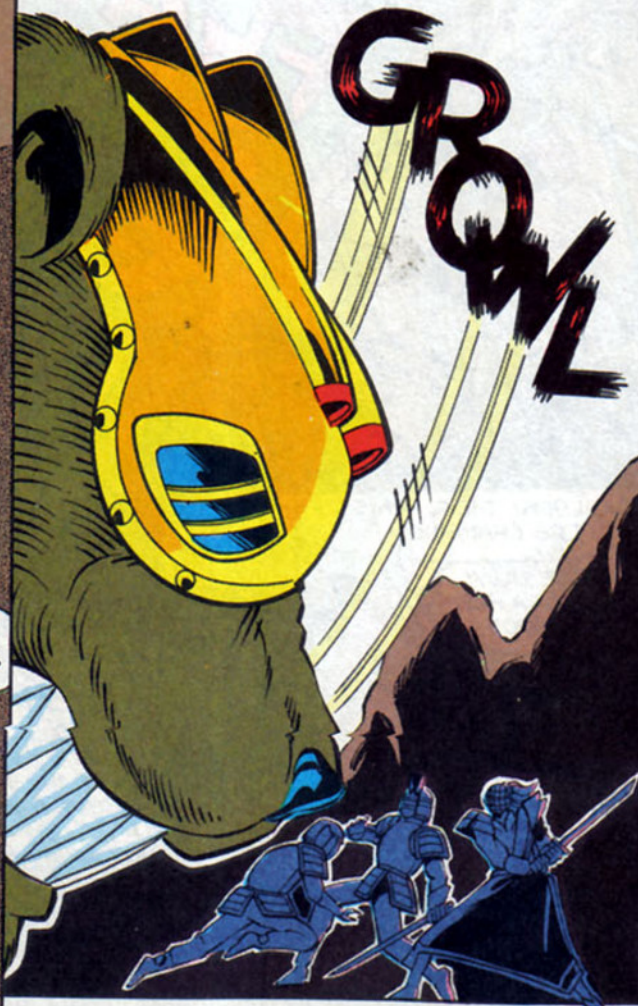
NOW, BRUZ AND ME,
WE'VE LEARNED TO FACE EACH
NEW SITUATION WITH RELISH!



WATCH
AND GROW
WISE--!



<UH-
OH--!>





< BY THE BEARD OF MATSUMOTO! A GIANT MARSUPIAL! >

C'MON, JOK!
A JOB'S A JOB!
LET'S GET TO IT!

OH, ALL
RIGHT...

**FLAT-OUT
STOKED
ON THE
GENOME
FREEM!**

WINNER OF
THE
PRESTIGIOUS



AWARD
FOR
FIFTH
ISSUE
WITH
THE
LONGEST
TITLE



MANIA, LOOK! THEIR HARVESTER!
IT'S CHANGING--!

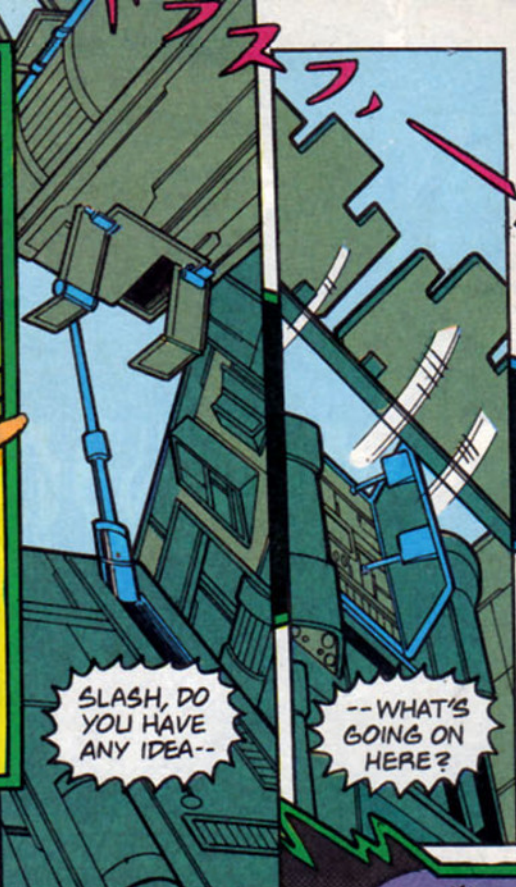
DON'T BE SILLY!
WHAT CAN A HAR-
VESTER DO?

PETER B. GILLIS / STORY
MARTIN KING / PENCILS
DAVE COOPER / INKS
DUNCAN ANDREWS / LETTERS
MATT WEBB / COLORS
BARBARA KESEL AND
ELLIOT S. MAGGIN
TRANSITION TEAM EDITORS



<THE BOX OF SECRETS IS AS PERILOUS TO OPEN AS IT IS TO FILL!>

<ON THE DOUBLE!>



SLASH, DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA--

-- WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



THEY'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING--!



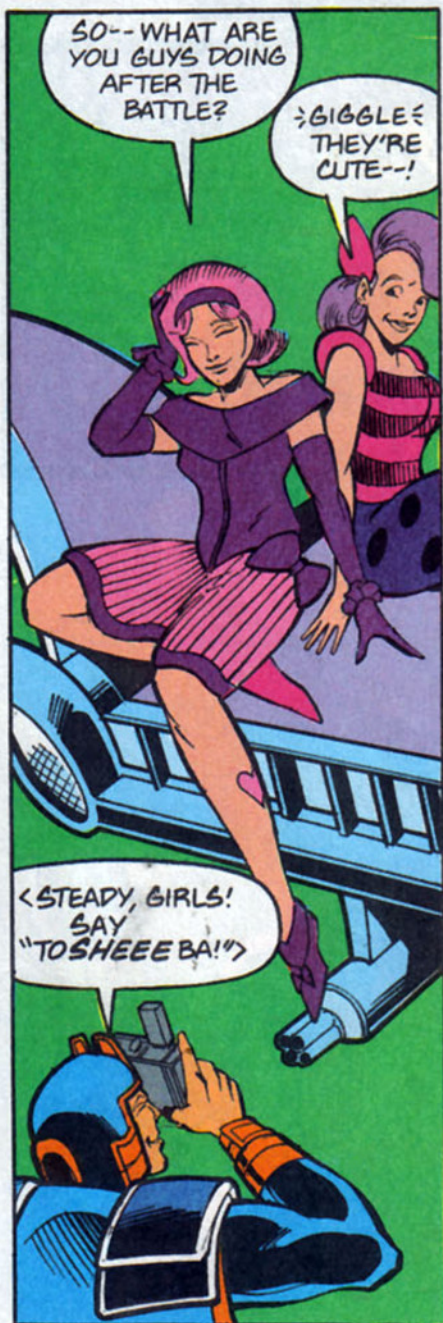
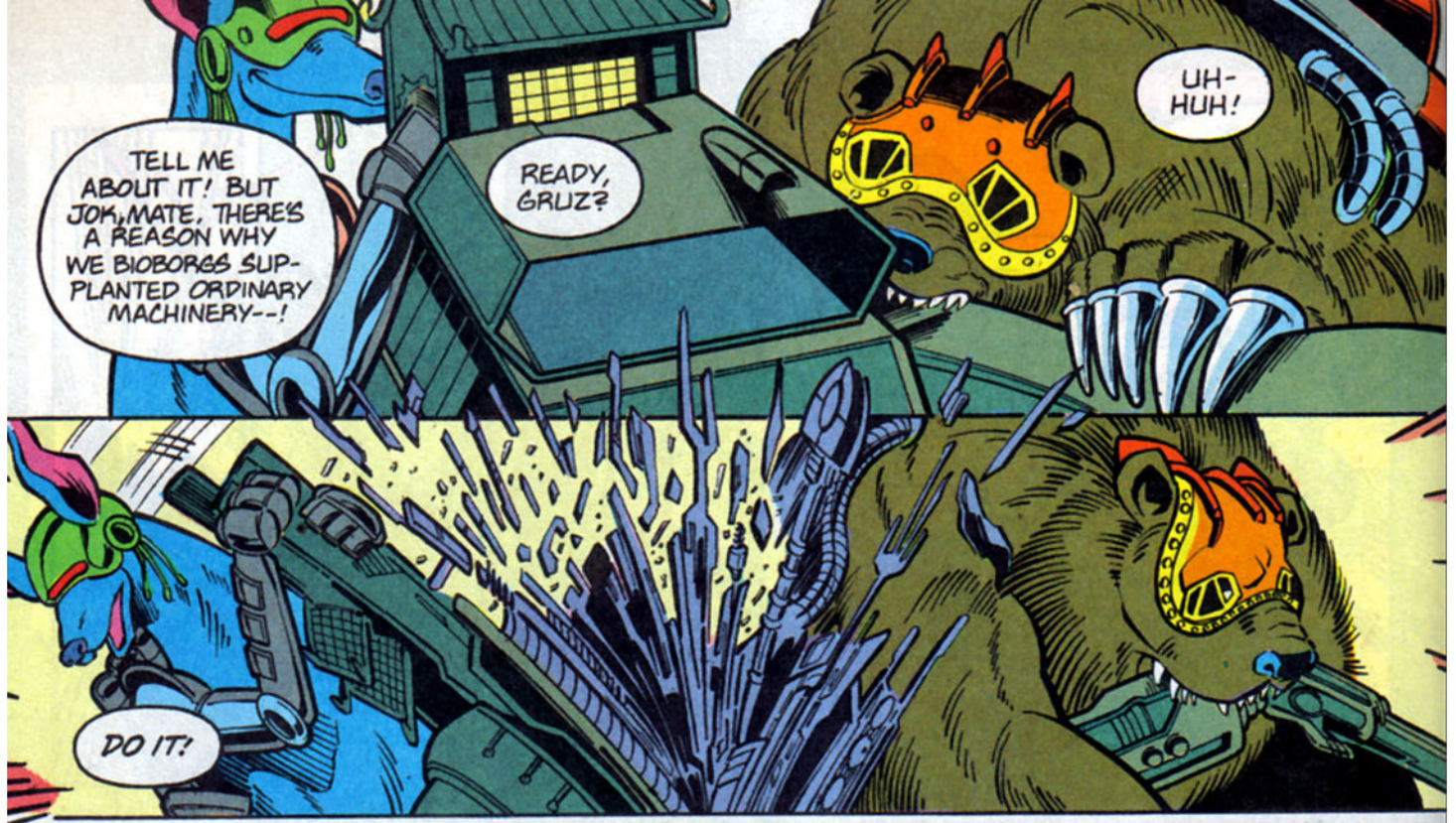
IT'S BIG--!



I CAN SEE THAT!

HOAG! THAT FLAME IS RADIOACTIVE!







NOT BAD AT ALL! BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, CHUCK!

NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT STAND DOWN, KIZARO!

<THE SUN SETS AND THE LIGHT RETREATS TO MEET THE HORIZON-->



<NO, WAIT! CANCEL THAT ORDER! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!>

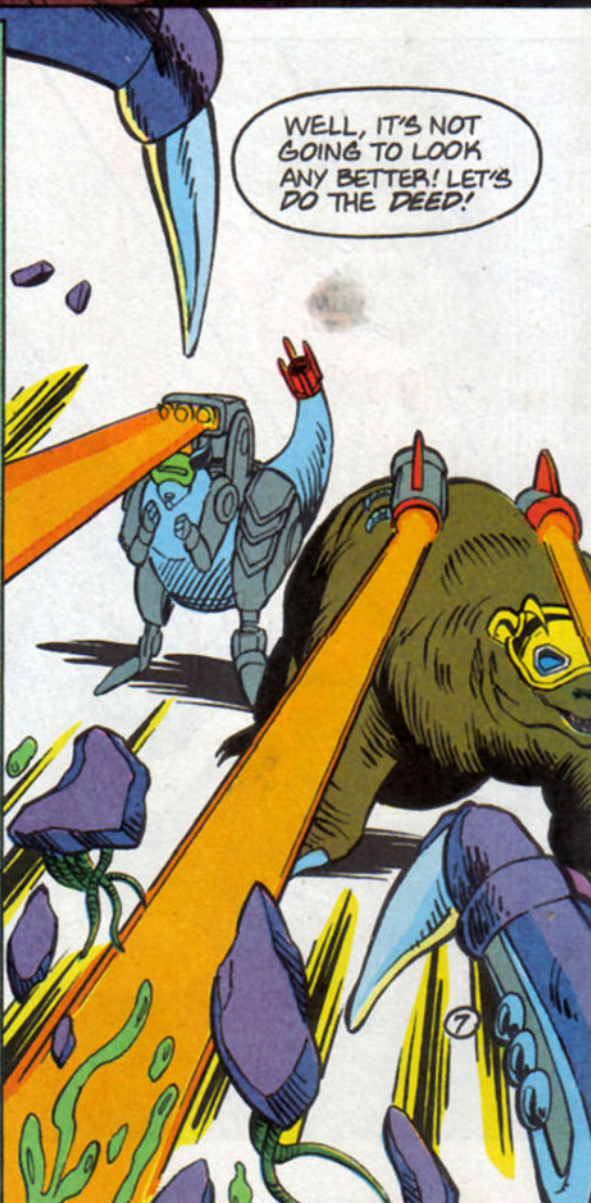


GREAT HALSTON! WHAT'S HAPPENING? I MEAN IT--TELL ME!

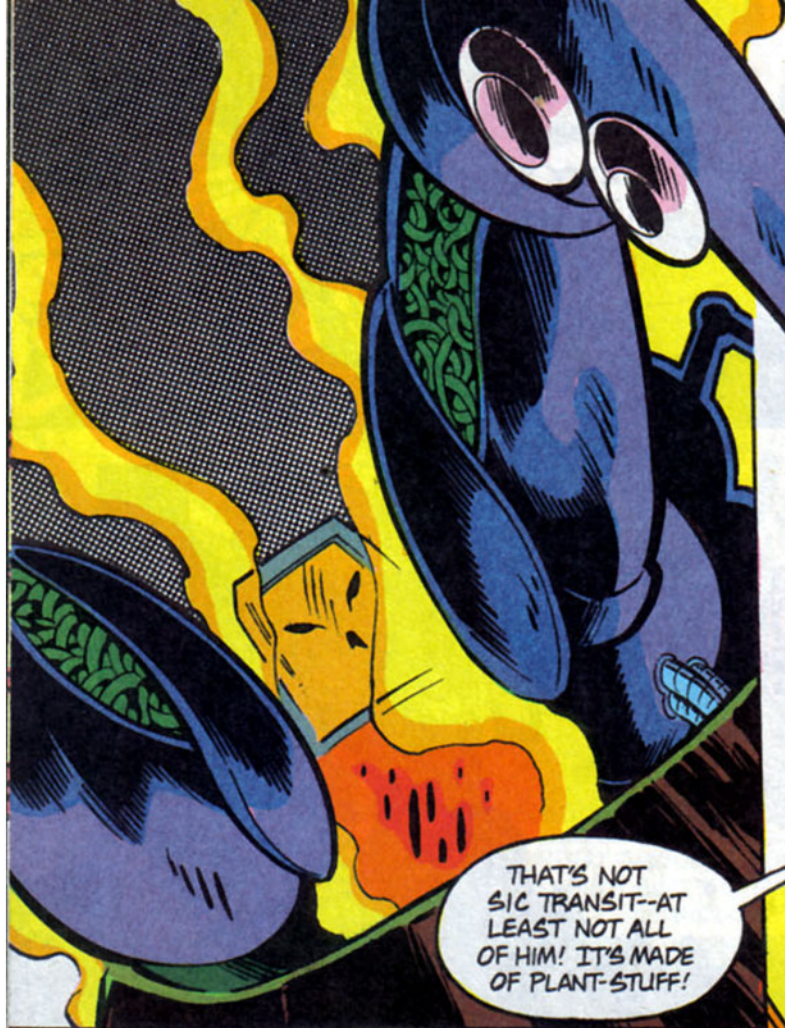


BY THE BIG BOOBER--IT'S--IT'S--SIC TRANSIT, THE

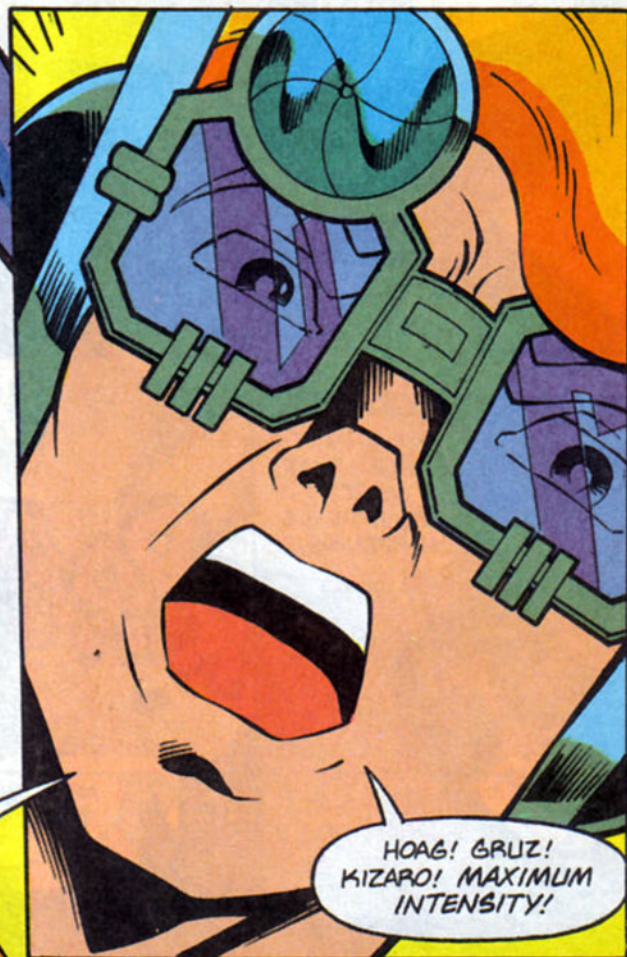
COAT-MUNO--BUT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!



WELL, IT'S NOT GOING TO LOOK ANY BETTER! LET'S DO THE DEED!



THAT'S NOT
SIC TRANSIT--AT
LEAST NOT ALL
OF HIM! IT'S MADE
OF PLANT-STUFF!



HOAG! GRUZ!
KIZARO! MAXIMUM
INTENSITY!



I'LL COMMAND
MY OWN BORG, IF YOU
DON'T MIND!

GRUZ--
MAXIMUM
INTENSITY!

UH-HUH!





WELL, THAT DID IT! BUT--WAS THAT SIC TRANSIT?



NIGHT, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF DODGE CITY:

THE WHOLE ESCAPADE SEEMS TO MAKE IT MORE PROBABLE THAT THE MENACE OF ROSEBUD IS NOT ENTIRELY DISPOSED OF--*

WHILE I THOUGHT IT WAS BETTER HANDLED IN DAVID LYNCH'S REMAKE OF CALTIKI, THE IMMORTAL MONSTER--!

RIDDLEY?

COME ON, RIDDLEY, BUCK UP! BEFORE LONG, THE GAMMARAUDERS'LL FIND THEY CAN'T WORK WITHOUT US, AND THE BAN FROM DODGE CITY'LL BE LIFTED!

RIDDLEY?





LET'S GO.
LET'S JUST GET
OUT OF HERE--!



BUT THIS WAS
REAL! IF CHUCK AND I
HADN'T POURED ALL OUR
FIREPOWER ON IT--!

'S RIGHT!
WE'D ALL BE
PLANT FOOD!

* SEE LAST ISSUE. --B.



IT SEEMS MR. MCMANN HAS A LOT OF EMOTIONAL
CAPITAL TIED UP IN GETTING WORK FROM THE
CRYPTIC ALLIANCES, AND WHEN THAT
DRIES UP, SO DOES HE.

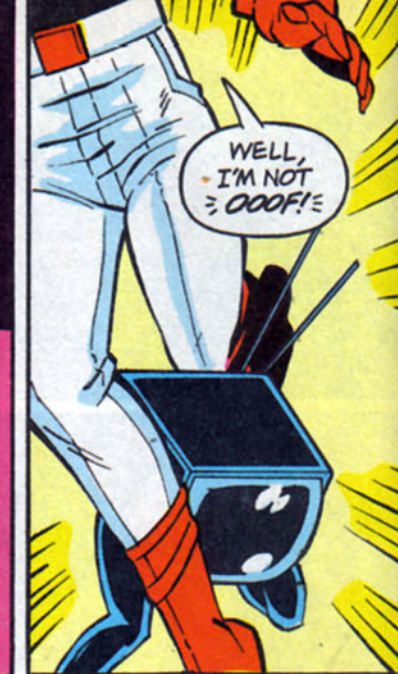
ONLY HE'S
TOO PROUD TO
FACE FACTS AND
TAKE $\geq$ UGH A
CONTRACT WITH
THE RADICAL
DEBS WHEN
IT'S OFFERED--
EGREGIOUS
LUMPEN-RETRO
BIMBOS THOUGH
THEY ARE--!



RIDDLEY,
COME ON!
DON'T GO!



FACE IT, JOK--"AN
OAF'S GOTTA DO WHAT
AN OAF'S GOTTA DO--!"



WELL,
I'M NOT
= OOF! =



BLOODY
FACTOID!
WHAT DO
YOU WANT?



YOU
WON'T
GET IT...!

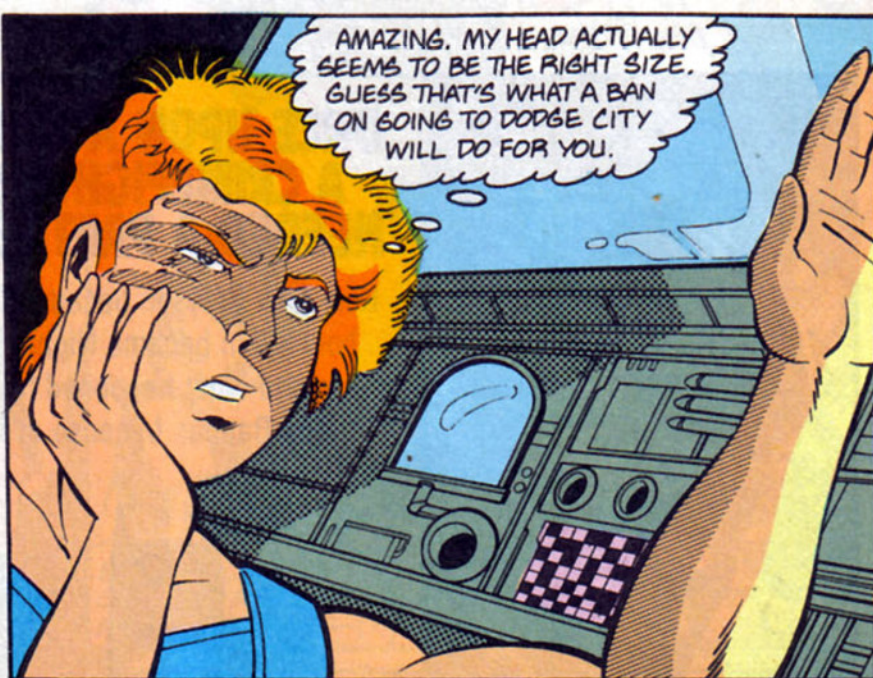


BY HOOK OR BY
CROOK, WE WILL
BE JOHN DRAKE.
PRISONER OF ZENON
OF THE SINGING OF
THE PURITANS...



FORGET IT!
COME BACK
WHEN YOU
START MAKING
SENSE!

COMING SOON.
THE MARK OF HATE
RETURNS SEVENFOLD!
FEATURING THE SLED
DEAD!
DANGER! DANGER!
DANGER!



OOOOH OOOOHHH OOOOOHHH



HELLO THERE, TADSWORTH! WANT TO GO ON A LITTLE FISHING EXPEDITION WITH ME?

I TOLD YOU BEFORE, SLASH--I WILL NOT WORK FOR THE SLUGNOIDS, NO MATTER WHAT!

OH, THE SLUGNOIDS HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! STRICTLY MY OWN INITIATIVE! NO MONEY NOW--BUT IT COULD MEAN A GREAT DEAL LATER ON!

SO WHAT'S THE DEAL? WHAT SIZE FISH?

CRATER?

HANGOVER--?

HOAG!!

I LOVE IT WHEN SOMEONE PICKS UP A METAPHOR! I WANT YOU AND ME TO GO PICK OVER A CERTAIN CRATER DEEP IN SLUGNOID TERRITORY--!

* YOU KNOW, WHERE THAT ROSEBUD CREATURE DESTROYED ITSELF. I'VE GOT A LITTLE THEORY I WANT TO TEST OUT!

GAME, JOK? OR SHOULD I CALL BACK AFTER YOU'RE DONE WITH YOUR HANGOVER?

'SCUSE ME, SLASH-- GOTTA RUN--!

UNDERSTOOD! I'LL BE HERE!

RING RING RING RING

MEANWHILE...

SHUT THAT
THING UP,
ONKO!



BUT IT
RING RING--
MEAN CALL
FOR YOU--!

OH, ALL
RIGHT! LET
ME IN!



RIDDLEY
MCMANN!
THIS HAD
BETTER BE
GOOD!



I THINK IT IS, HANDLER
MCMANN! YOU MAY RE-
COGNIZE ME AS SASSIN,
WARLORD OF THE SLUG-
NOIDS. I HAVE AN
INTERESTING OFFER
FOR YOU!



UH-UH,
NOPE. NIX.
NO WAY! I
AM NOT TAK-
ING NO FILTHY
SLUGNOID
CONTRACT.



I KNOW, I KNOW, HANDLER MCMANN.
YOU WERE ONE OF THE GAMMA-
RAIDERS' FINEST OFFICERS BEFORE
YOU--WENT FREELANCE, SHALL WE
SAY? I UNDERSTAND
YOUR FEELINGS.

HOWEVER, WHAT I AM
ABOUT TO OFFER YOU IS A
CHANCE TO CRUSH YOUR,
AH, 'ARCH-ENEMY, 'SLASH,
LITTERLY AND COMPLETELY!



SOLD.



HEY, HOAG, IT'S FOR EVERY-
BODY'S GOOD! I WOULDN'T
SURVIVE ANOTHER ONE OF
YOUR REAL HANGOVERS! THE
LAST ONE POLLUTED THE
ENTIRE DODGE CITY WATER
SUPPLY!



BUT IT'S DINKUM
UNNATURAL, MATE!
JUST LET ME BE AN'
DO MY PENANCE IN
PEACE--!



SORRY,
MATE, IT'S
ALL FOR THE
BEST--!

SOBERING

AND SHORTLY--

I THINK THAT'S
IT UP AHEAD--!

YES SIR, THE
HEAD BILLBOARD OF
OLD WARLORD SASSIN
HIMSELF, BEFORE IT
GOT PRUNED BY OL'
ROSEBUD! QUITE
A MESS!

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE
COMING SOON TO THIS
SITE... A NEW **SLUGNOIR**
SECRET BASE &
SHOPPING CENTER

HOAG, CAN YOU
DETECT ANY SIGN
OF GRUZ? SLASH
SHOULD HAVE
BEEN HERE
BY NOW!

NOT THAT
I CAN SNIFF.

BUT WE CAME
HERE TO INVESTIGATE THIS
PIT, SO WHAT SAY WE GO
DOWN INTO IT?



I'M PROCEEDING INTO THE SECRET UNDERGROUND LAIR. SO FAR, NO SIGN OF PLANT LIFE BEYOND THE USUAL FUNGUS. YOU GETTING ME OK? ANY MOTION?

NO AND NO, OH GREAT WHITE HUNTER!

SLUG
SECRET
UNDERGROUND
LAIR
NO ADMITTANCE



JUST LET ME KNOW WHEN THAT MATTRESS-THAT-WALKS-LIKE-A-BEAR SHOWS UP WITH HIS MASTER, WILL YOU?



IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND, IT'S PEOPLE WHO DON'T KEEP--



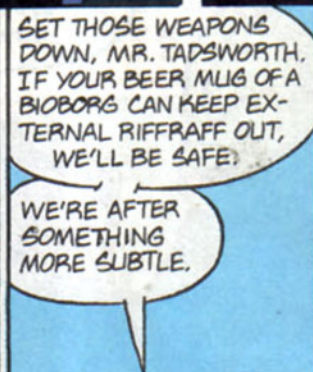
FREEZE!!

You!



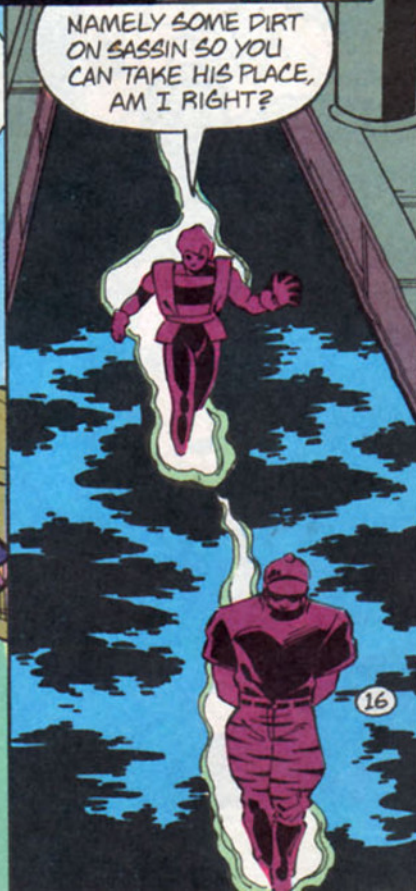
SORRY ABOUT THE SECRECY, JOK. I SENT GRUZ OFF TO FORAGE FOR PEASANTS.

I DON'T WANT A CERTAIN SLUGNOID WARLORD TO KNOW WE'RE POKING AROUND DOWN HERE.

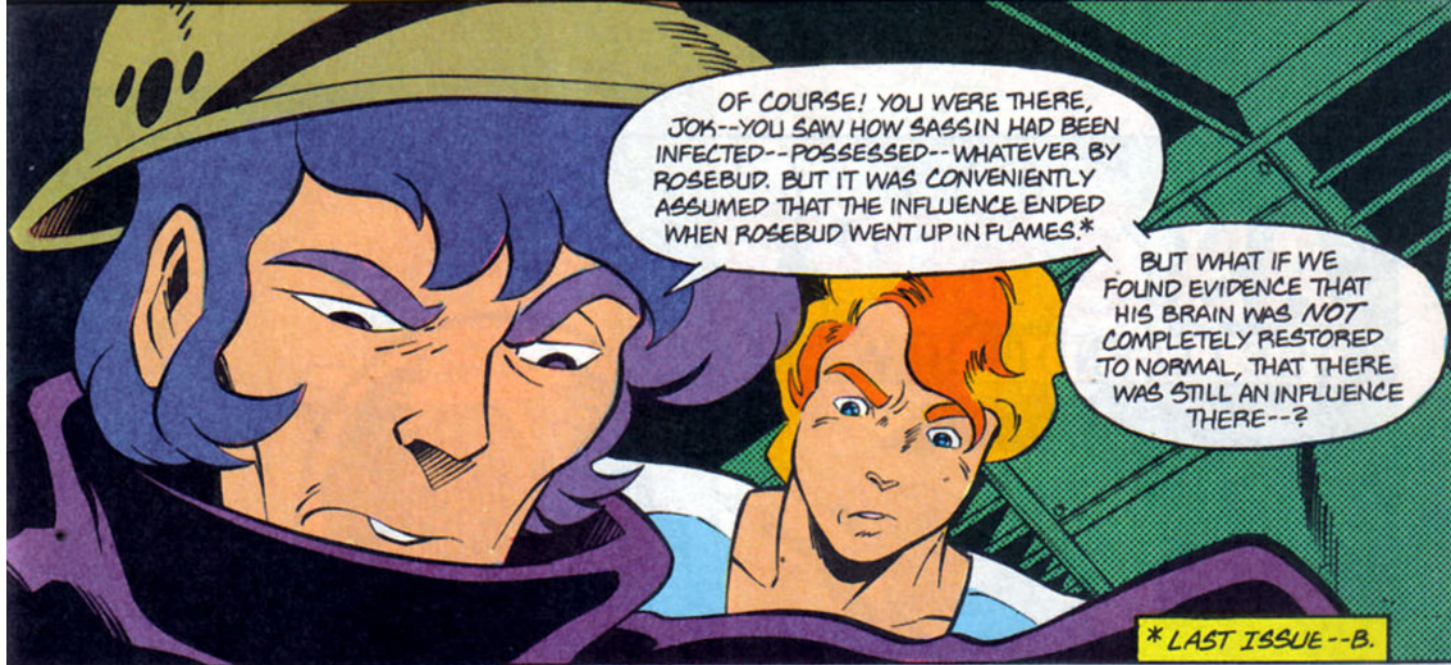


SET THOSE WEAPONS DOWN, MR. TADSWORTH. IF YOUR BEER MUG OF A BIOBORG CAN KEEP EXTERNAL RIFFRAFF OUT, WE'LL BE SAFE.

WE'RE AFTER SOMETHING MORE SUBTLE.



NAMELY SOME DIRT ON SASSIN SO YOU CAN TAKE HIS PLACE, AM I RIGHT?



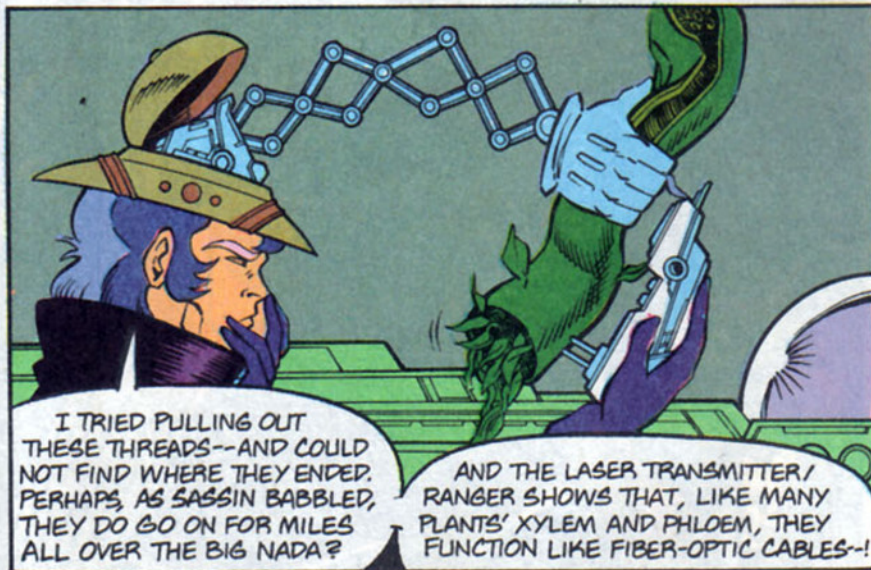
OF COURSE! YOU WERE THERE, JOK--YOU SAW HOW SASSIN HAD BEEN INFECTED--POSSESSED--WHATEVER BY ROSEBUD. BUT IT WAS CONVENIENTLY ASSUMED THAT THE INFLUENCE ENDED WHEN ROSEBUD WENT UP IN FLAMES.*

BUT WHAT IF WE FOUND EVIDENCE THAT HIS BRAIN WAS *NOT* COMPLETELY RESTORED TO NORMAL, THAT THERE WAS STILL AN INFLUENCE THERE--?

* LAST ISSUE--B.



TAKE THIS BIT OF TENTACLE. DEAD? MOSTLY-- BUT YOU CAN SEE SOME MINUTE GREEN THREADS.



I TRIED PULLING OUT THESE THREADS--AND COULD NOT FIND WHERE THEY ENDED. PERHAPS, AS SASSIN BABBLED, THEY DO GO ON FOR MILES ALL OVER THE BIG NADA?

AND THE LASER TRANSMITTER/RANGER SHOWS THAT, LIKE MANY PLANTS' XYLEM AND PHLOEM, THEY FUNCTION LIKE FIBER-OPTIC CABLES--!



IF WE CAN PROVE THAT ROSEBUD STILL EXISTS AND THAT SASSIN IS STILL ITS SLAVE, I CAN THEN--

SLASH.



THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE DOWN HERE.



SO THERE IS.
I'LL TALK, YOU
GET HIM.

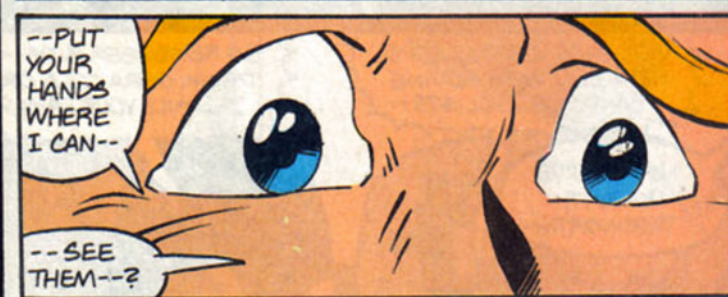
--I CAN THEN
DEMONSTRATE HIS
UNFITNESS AND
ASSUME RULER-
SHIP OF THE
SLUGNOIDS--

SLISH
SLISH
SLISH



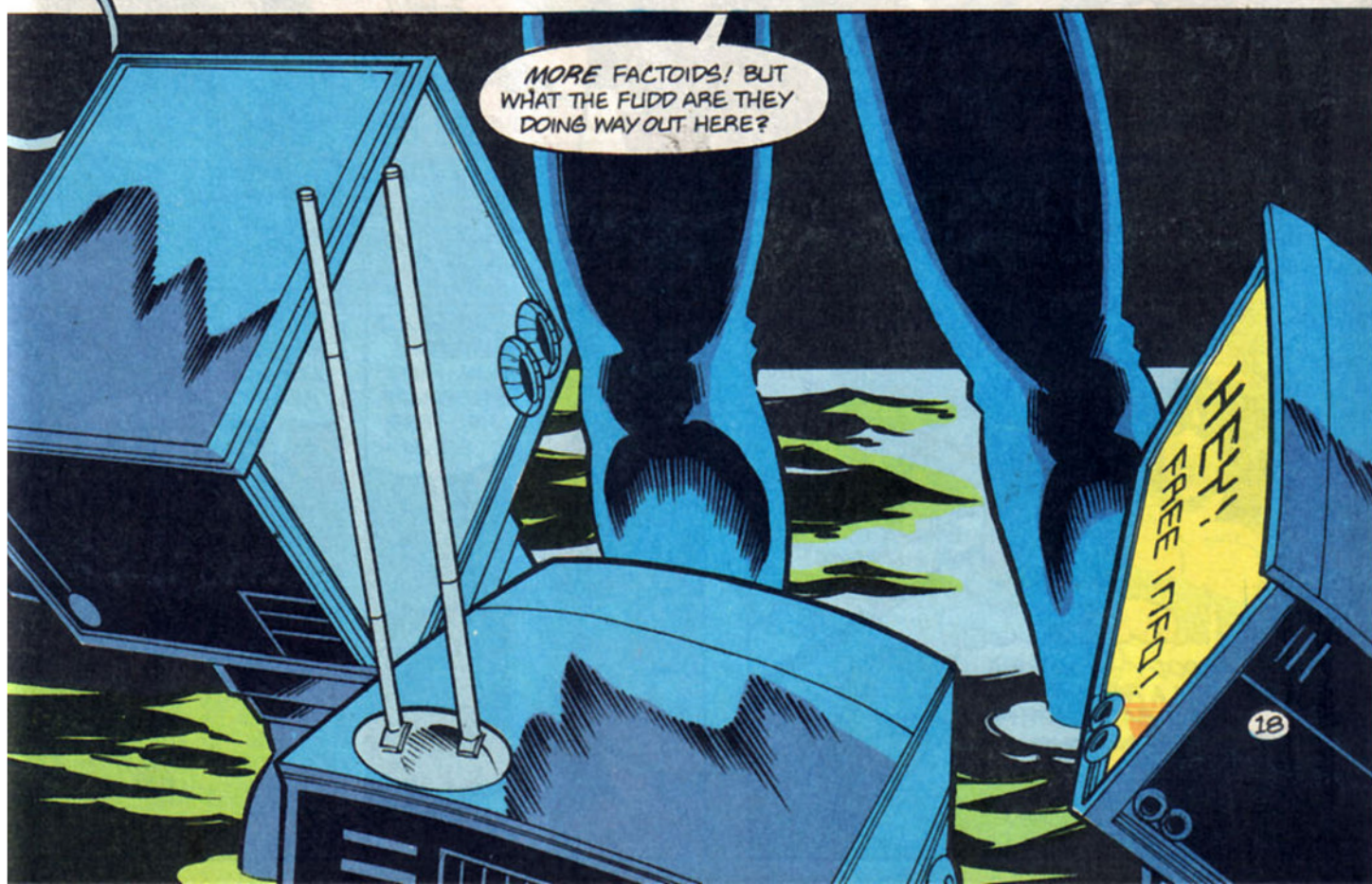
--AS OUGHT
TO HAVE BEEN
THE CASE LONG,
LONG AGO--

ALL
RIGHT,
YOU--



--PUT
YOUR
HANDS
WHERE
I CAN--

--SEE
THEM--?



MORE FACTOIDS! BUT
WHAT THE FUDD ARE THEY
DOING WAY OUT HERE?



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OUT OF YOU! SINCE THIS ROSEBUD THING -- SINCE THE OLD MAN--YOU FACTOIDS HAVE BEEN ACTING CRAZY!

I WANT ANSWERS!!

WHAT'S GOING ON?

Q: WHAT'S GOING ON?
A: PROCESSING:

VIOLENCE CONTINUED IN NEW EDO WITH ROVING BANDS OF CYCLISTS--

SO REMEMBER KIDS-- DRINK OKRA COLA OR I'LL KILL YOUR FAMILY!

DAMN-- WAS IT KIERKEGAARD OR CAMUS WHO SAID THAT?

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, TADSWORTH--!

ASK A FACTOID A QUESTION LIKE 'WHAT'S GOING ON?' AND IT'LL DOWNLOAD ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING!

OR DID I SPEAK TOO SOON?

HEY! THAT'S NATASHA!!



BLOODY --WHAT THE FUDD IS A FACTOID DOING IN MY BATHROOM??



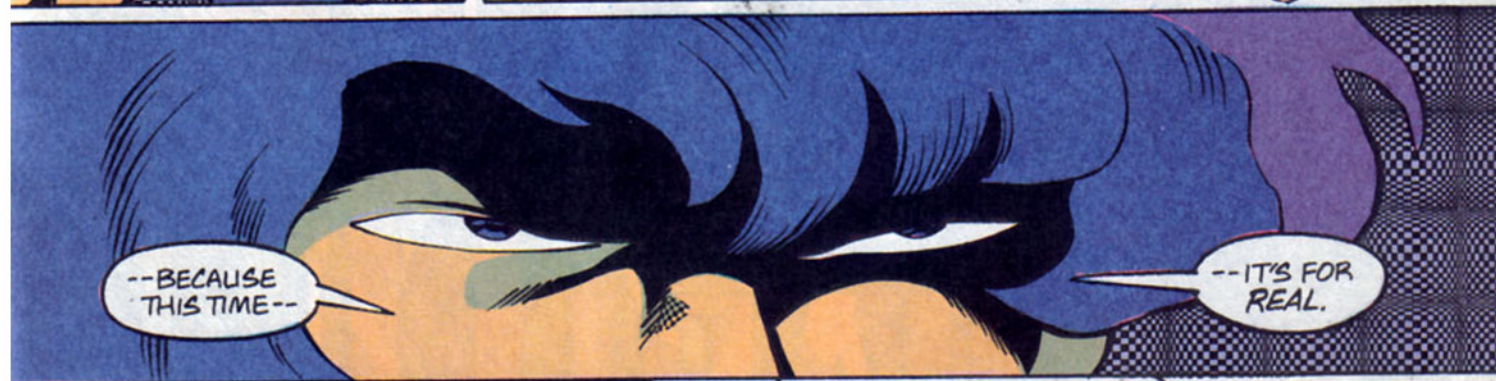
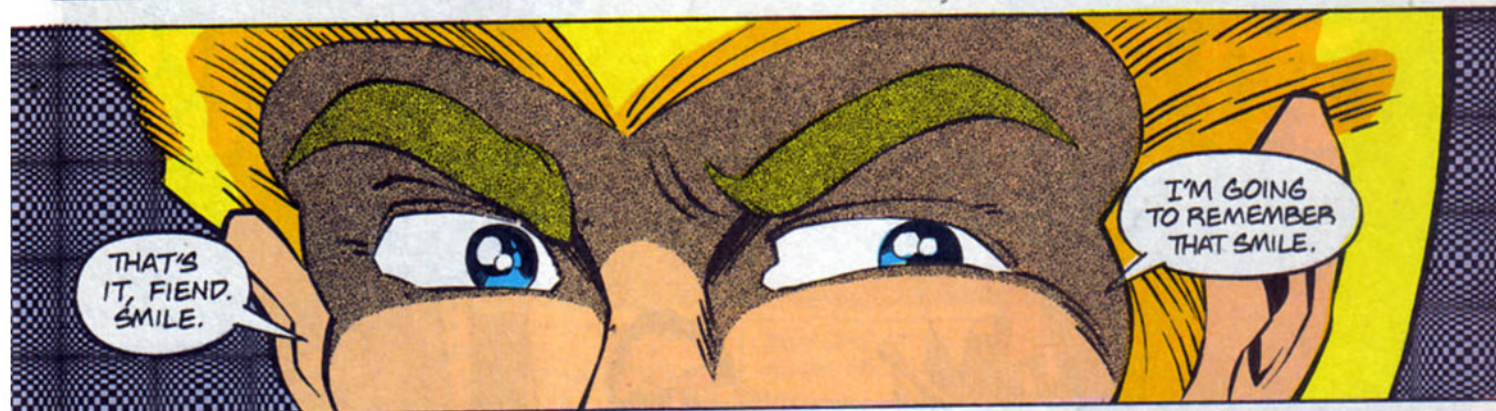
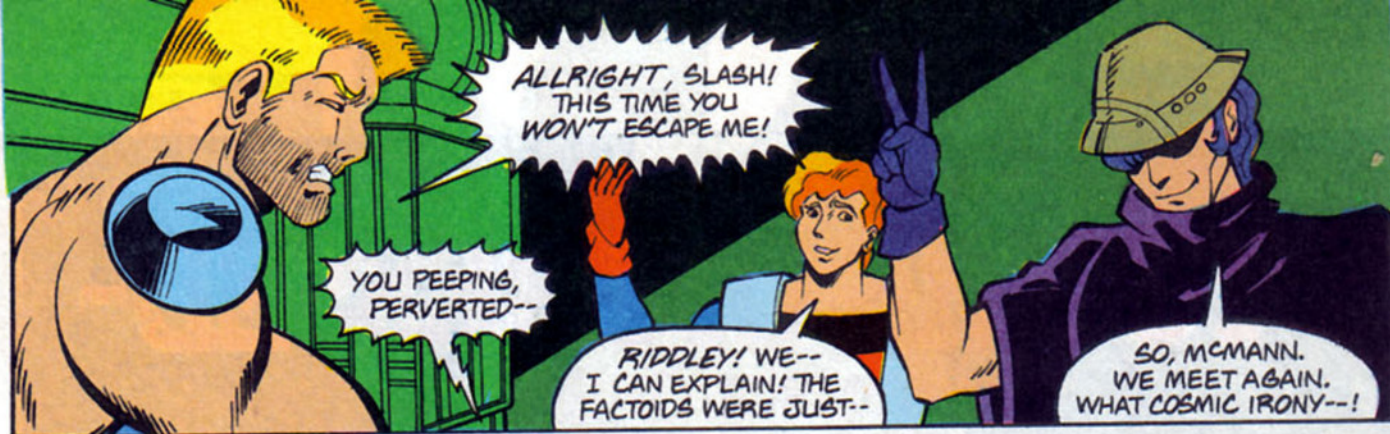
OF ALL THE...

THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME, HUH, KID? SHE'S NOT HALF BAD, EITHER--!



WHY DON'T YOU GO SOAK YOUR HEAD?

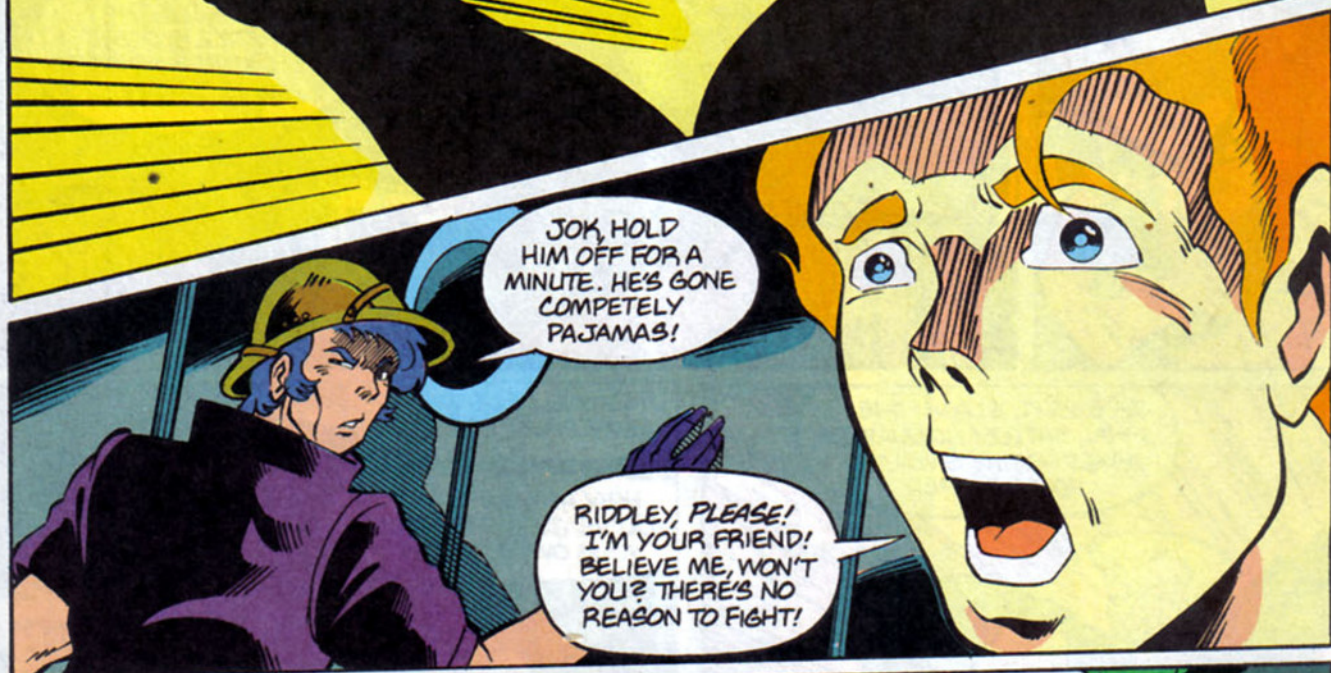
OH HO! GETTING A BIT TOUCHY, ARE WE?







ALL RIGHT,
SLASH. GIVE IT
YOUR BEST SHOT.
I'M HERE. I'M
WAITING.



JOK, HOLD
HIM OFF FOR A
MINUTE. HE'S GONE
COMPLETELY
PAJAMAS!

RIDDLEY, PLEASE!
I'M YOUR FRIEND!
BELIEVE ME, WON'T
YOU? THERE'S NO
REASON TO FIGHT!



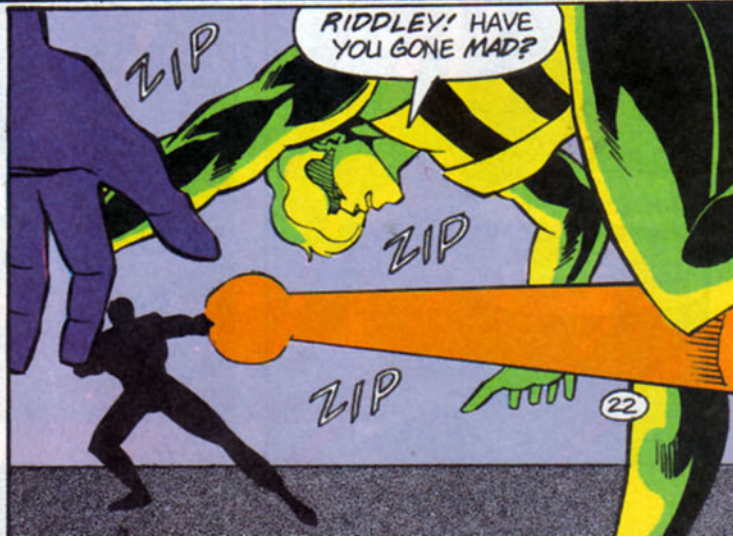
I'M SORRY TO SEE SLASH
HAS SOMEHOW BRAINWASHED OR
HYPNOTIZED YOU, JOK. BUT I SEE
THROUGH HIS NEFARIOUS SCHEMES!
AND HE'S GOING TO PAY FOR
THAT--HE'S GOING TO PAY
FOR EVERYTHING!



RIDDLEY, DON'T!
THIS IS AN EN-
CLOSED AREA!

ZAK

YEEOW!



RIDDLEY! HAVE
YOU GONE MAD?

ZIP

ZIP

ZIP



SURE LOOKS THAT WAY, DOESN'T IT?

KID, YOU GOT ANY WEAPONS?

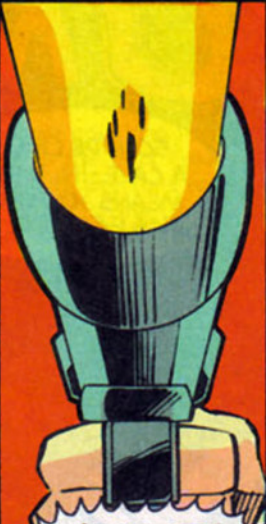
YOU SAID I WOULDN'T NEED THEM, REMEMBER?

I'M SORRY, JOK.

SORRY FOR WHAT?

STOP STARING AT ME, YOU MORONIC THINGS!

HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN A FULLY-REALIZED WOMAN BEFORE?



GO ON, GET! AMSCRAY! MAKE LIKE A TREE AND GET OUT OF HERE!

GO-- WAIT, WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU-- NO!

SORRY THAT YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THE HEAT FOR ME.



TA-TA, MCMANN! TOO BAD YOU HADN'T COUNTED ON MY PERSONAL DISRUPTOR FIELD! I'M OUTTA HERE!



YOU FIEND, SLASH!



NO--PLEASE
--WHAT ARE YOU
--I'LL DO ANYTHING
--I'LL--PLEASE--

DON'T POINT THAT
= SQUEEEEEEE =
@*%*W@*%!



NATASHA!

FACTOIDS--
QUICK! BRING
BACK THE PICTURE!
BRING--

NATASHA!



ALL RIGHT, MCMANN, NOW
THAT YOU'RE DONE WITH YOUR
STUPID LITTLE GAME, YOU CAN
COME WITH ME AND FIND OUT
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO NATASHA
--OR YOU CAN STAND ASIDE!

RRRRRUMBLE!



SOUNDS LIKE
A CAVE-IN. WHICH
MEANS YOUR BOSS
HAS ESCAPED.

SO IT'S
JUST YOU
AND ME.

YOU'RE GONNA
FIGHT ME, TADSWORTH,
OR BY FABIAN AND ALL
HIS DEMONS OF HELL
I'LL CUT YOU DOWN
LIKE THE BRAINWASHED
DOG YOU ARE--!

next **ISSUE**

THE SWORD

That was Broken!

THE GAMMARAUDERS COMIC BOOK

DC COMICS INC.
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103

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The Whole Wide World, Part 1

A Short History of Just How Things Got To Be So Screwed Up in the First Place

Presented by Tarn Zeb on the Gammarauders Educations Network (GEN)

A long time ago there was the Golden Age. The Golden Age was everything and everything in the Golden Age was golden. There were Golden Age T.V. shows, Golden Age funny-books, Golden Age stars, Golden Age automobile design, Golden Age nuclear reactors, Golden Age foods, and Golden Age appliances. Everyone was happy in the Golden Age because everything was perfect. The Democrats were happy because society was good. The Republicans were happy because capitalism really worked. The Communists were happy because capitalism didn't work. The Commiehunters were happy because Communism didn't work. The big companies were happy because there were big profits in nuclear power. The environmentalists were happy because the big companies were polluting so they had something to protest about. The military men were happy because they had hot and cold wars.

In fact, everyone was happy and everything was perfect. It was so perfect that they blew it all up and ended the Golden Age before anyone had a chance to become unhappy.

Unfortunately, our knowledge of the people of that time, the Golden Oldies, is very limited. We do not know how the Golden Oldies blew themselves up. There are many stories and hints, but no hard facts. According to the ancient legends, the sky went black, the ground shook, and the water smelled. The sky rained frogs and brimstone just as the great Prophet Fort predicted. Panicking, the Moguls left for the land of Beverly Hills That Is. The proud and mighty Grace Land was left in ruins and King Elvis turned in his grave.

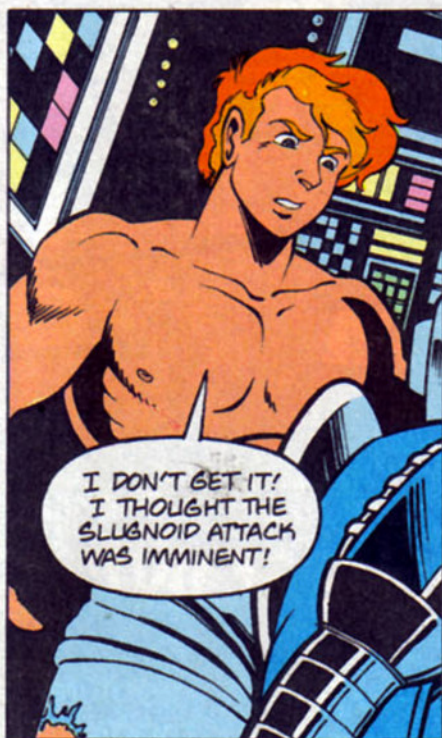
In the end, everything was blasted, boiled, blighted, burned, baked, and braised. Some say it was the Big Bombs; other legends tell of gases and poisons. It doesn't really matter since the result was the same in the end. The planet was bleak and windblown, dry and barren. Things did not look good and the survivors were not happy.

Yes, it is true: some good will come out of even the worst of times. This is an important lesson we have learned from careful study of the Golden Age. Doesn't

the Beaver always have a happy ending? Even in all the disasters there were survivors. Not everyone and everything perished when the Golden Age ended.

Those who survived entered into the Dark Future. During the Dark Future many of the teachings of the Golden Age were perverted or lost. The Happy Ending was mocked, the Nuclear Family got divorced, and cannibals ate the Castaways. The Commies and the Capitalists lay down together and didn't fight any more. The people became less happy and more serious, obsessed with getting ahead and staying alive. The future was going right down the drain.

It isn't clear how long mankind suffered through the Dark Future. It was long enough for everyone to forget the Celestial Truths of the Golden Age. It was long enough for the wounded planet to heal itself.



Slowly the planet reshaped itself. The barren wastelands produced new forms of life. Creatures like the packratula, tyrexian, and giant penguinoid were sighted in the Glowing Zones beyond the Big Nada. The sand deserts slowly became scrub, then fields and farmland. Of course, not all the changes were for the better. Tapes of the period show the destruction caused by the First and Second Spud Tremors when the spudlings stampeded on their way to the

sea. Other records tell of weeks when the sun was blotted out by dust and ash carried by the high winds. But all in all, things got better.

Things didn't get too much better for centuries, though. After the Dark Future, mankind passed through many stages—the Nuclear Winter, the Sub-Atomic Summer, the Rupture, the Greenhouse Age, the Velikovsky Age, the Oh-My-God-A-Giant-Asteroid-Is-Going-To-Knock-The-Earth-Out-Of-Orbit Age (which lasted only slightly longer than its name), and Age of Old Rock Stars. None of these periods is worth examining in detail, so they can be safely skipped over.

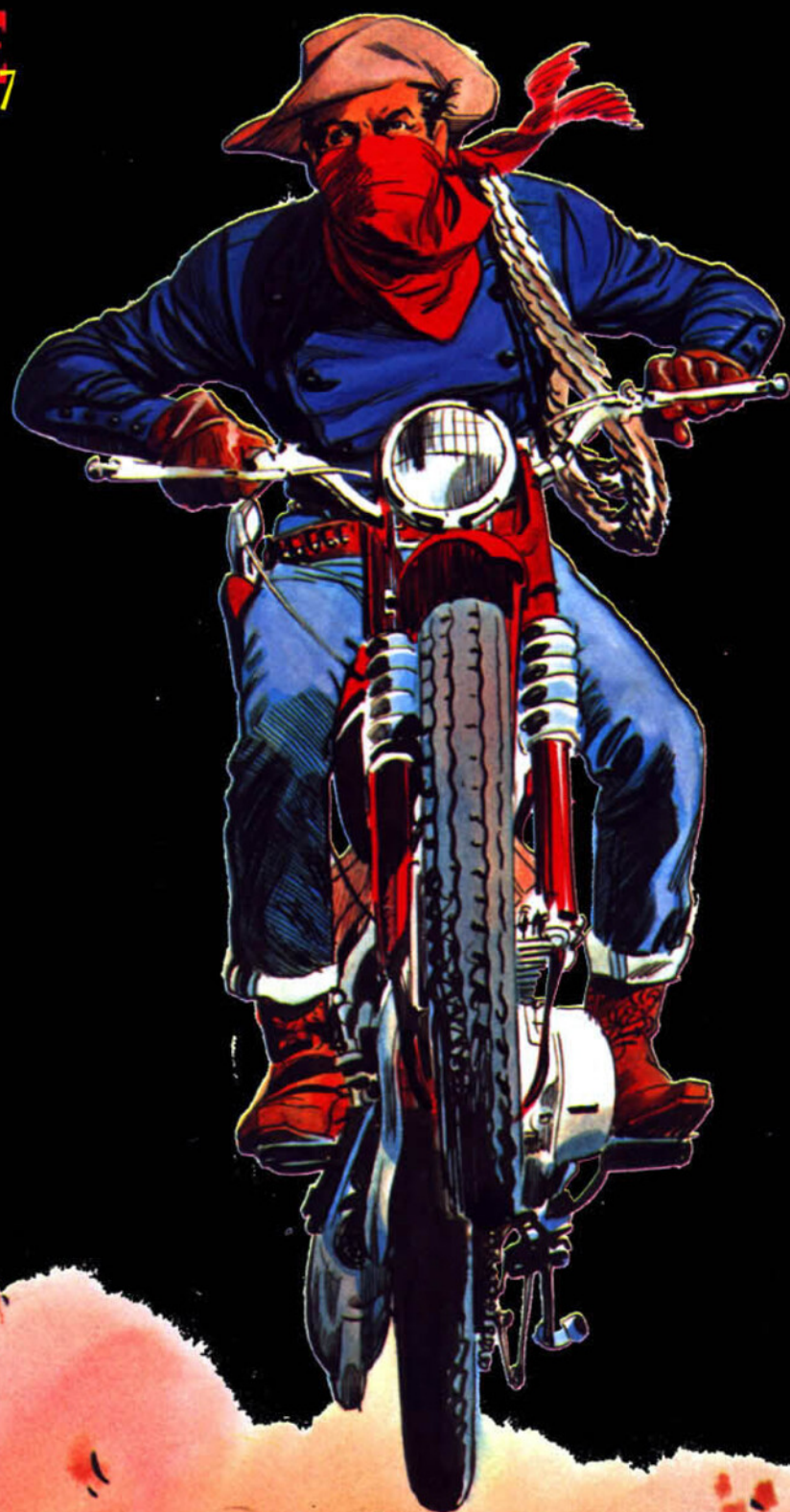
It was two events occurring almost simultaneously that signalled the beginning of the New Age. Just before the full flowering of the New Age, podinoids were discovered. Where the planet had been plagued by energy crises of all sorts in the past, the podinoids suddenly provided a cheap and constantly replenishing source of power. The podinoids allowed mankind to reclaim one of the great benefits of the Golden Age—flagrant wastage of energy.

The second event was the arrival of factoids. Their effect on society was profound. Through their little screens mankind rediscovered many arts and sciences that had been lost during the Dark Future, indeed the masses of material that had been lost, now known as the Forgotten Reams. Armed with this new knowledge, mankind has begun the long process of rebuilding. Society was once again organized and the quest for the true secrets of the Golden Age was begun.



Next Time: Gammarauder and Slug-noid

A
VIGILANTE
Scan 407



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